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HALL OF LAMBETH PALACE,
NOW THE LIBRARY.

A GENERAL description of the Archiepiscopal Palace at Lambeth having already appeared in our Miscellany,* it will be requisite, on the present occasion, to speak only of the portion above represented, viz., the hall, recently fitted up for the reception of the large and valuable library of the See.

It is justly observed in the *Gentleman's Magazine*, August, 1834, that "no Metropolitan since the days of Archbishop Juxon has expended such large sums on this Palace as the present excellent Archbishop, who has

* See *Mirror*, vol. v., pp. 81—84, 117—118; vol. xxv., pp. 322—323.

entirely rebuilt the habitable parts of the Palace, and repaired the hall, the guard-room, and the chapel." These repairs have been effected with great taste by Edward Blore, Esq., the celebrated architect, who, with singular skill and felicity, has converted the noble hall into the Archiepiscopal library.

To the *Gentleman's Magazine*, just quoted, we are indebted for these descriptive details:

"The books are arranged on the east and west sides, and in twelve magnificent, oaken bookcases projecting into the room. In the recesses between each bookcase are eleven

tables of carved oak, of a massive, but elegant design, suited to the architecture of the hall. The library is still lighted by the noble lantern in the centre; on the west side by five pointed windows, and a bay window at each extremity; on the east side by five pointed windows; and on the north and south sides, by a pointed window at each end, under the roof above the fireplaces. The room is heated by pipes under the floor, and the warm air is admitted into the room through fourteen brass gratings, between every division of the library.

"At each end of the hall is a suitable fireplace: over that on the north side are painted the arms of the See, impaling the arms of Archbishop Juxon; over the fireplace on the south side are painted the arms of the See, impaling the arms of Archbishop Secker.

"On the north and south walls, and between the windows on the other sides of the hall, are a number of paintings, including portraits of bishops and eminent divines connected with the See; a portrait of King Charles I.; Sir R. Walpole; Mr. Secretary Townshend; Dr. Wilkins, librarian; Dr. Peter Du Moulin, chaplain to Archbishop Juxon, &c.; also, a large painting, containing a view of Canterbury Cathedral, brought from Croydon Palace.

"The old entrance into the courtyard, at the south-west end of the hall, has been converted into a bay window, and the principal door is now at the north-east. On each side the doorway are Corinthian pilasters, and over the door-case are carved in stone the arms of the See impaling those of Juxon, with 'Anno Domini MDCLXIII.'

"The large bay window is richly ornamented with painted glass. In the centre of the top division is a very large coat of the arms of the See, impaling those of Archbishop Juxon; and underneath is a splendid, recent addition of a similar size, of the arms of the See, impaling those of Archbishop Howley, '1829.' Around are smaller coats of the arms of about twenty-four Archbishops, each impaled with the arms of the See, and the date of the year when put up. There are also the arms of Philip II., King of Spain. But, perhaps, the most curious piece of painted glass is a portrait of Archbishop Chicheley."

The history of the library is singular. Notwithstanding the Palace has been the residence of the Archbishops of Canterbury from its erection, there does not appear to have been originally any library attached to it. Each Archbishop brought with him his private collection of books, until the time of Archbishop Bancroft, in the reign of Elizabeth. Thus, John Evelyn, in a letter to Mr. Pepys, written in 1689, writes that the library was then "replenished with excellent books, but that it ebbs and flows like the Tides,

running by it, at every prelate's accession or translation."

Archbishop Bancroft being, for many years, "a great gatherer together of books," bequeathed to his successors the Archbishops of Canterbury for ever, a great and famous library of books of divinity, and of many other sorts of learning, on condition that it should not be alienated from the See.

"These books remained at Lambeth till 1646, two years after the execution of Archbishop Laud, when being seized by the Parliament, the use of them was granted to Dr. Wincocke. They were afterwards given to Sion College, and many began to get into private hands; so that, fearing for their safety in times so inimical to learning, Mr. Selden suggested to the University of Cambridge its right to them, and they were delivered, pursuant to an ordinance of Parliament, dated Feb. 1647, into their possession.

"On the Restoration, Archbishop Juxon demanded the return of the library, which requisition was repeated by his successor, Sheldon, and the books were accordingly restored. An ordinance of Parliament was also obtained, that such part of the collection as was in private hands should be immediately delivered up, and that the volumes in the possession of John Thurlow and Hugh Peters should be seized."

Archbishop Sheldon having thus regained possession of this valuable library, may in some degree be considered its founder, as he bequeathed "several bookees or volumes towards the increase and improvement of the publick library of the see of Canterbury, now settled at Lambeth House."

Other Archbishops successively bequeathed many volumes: those left by Archbishops Bancroft, Abbot, Laud, Sheldon, and Tennison, are distinguished by their respective arms. Those which bear the arms of Whitgift were, doubtless, purchased of his executors by Archbishop Bancroft.

"There is only one volume in the collection known to have belonged to Archbishop Parker, which is a book of Calvin's writing. His arms are on the outside, and within is written in red lead, 'J. Parker,' who was the Archbishop's son. An English Psalter, printed by Daye, but without date, has likewise the following memorandum, written by Dr. Parker's wife: 'To the right vertuouse and honourable ladye the Countesse of Shrewsbury, from your lovinge friende, Margarst Parker.'"

The first complete catalogue made of the printed books was drawn up by Bishop Gibson, when librarian. In 1718, it was fairly copied by Dr. Wilkins, in three volumes folio; and it has been continued by his successors, to the present time.

The library of manuscripts is now preserved in a fire-proof room, over a newly-

built, internal gateway, abutting on the south side of the hall.

The prefixed Engraving is from a plate in the *Gentleman's Magazine, ut supra*, cleverly drawn and engraved by Mr. R. W. Billings.

FOTHERINGHAY.—II.

THE CASTLE.

RESUMING our narrative from page 20, at the death of Edmund, who had been successively created Earl of Cambridge and Duke of York, the castle descended to his son, Edward, Earl of Rutland, who succeeded also to his father's honours. But, on his falling in the battle of Agincourt, and dying without issue, the castle and lordship descended to his nephew Richard, the son of his brother Richard, Earl of Cambridge, who was beheaded in the third year of Henry V., having been engaged in a conspiracy against that king. Fotheringhay thus became the residence of the house of York; and was the birthplace of Richard III. Hence it has been described :

Lo ! on that mound, in days of feudal pride,
Thy tow'ring castle frown'd above the tide ;
Flung wide her gates, where troops of vassals met
With awe the brow of high Plantagenet.
But, ah ! what chisel in sable vests appear !
What bright achievements mark thy warrior's bier !
Tis York's — from Agincourt's victorious plain,
They bear the fallen hero o'er the main ;
Through all the land his blooming laurels spread,
And to thy bosom give the mighty dead.
When from thy lap the ruthless Richard sprung,
A boding sound through all thy borders rung ;
It spoke a tale of blood — fair Neville's woe,
York's mard'rous hand, and Edward's future foe.

Anton's Banks, MS. 1797.

The hero of Agincourt left directions for his funeral, ordering his body to be buried in the parochial church of Fotheringhay, in the midst of the choir, near the steps, under a flat marble. His body was, accordingly, brought over to England, and carried to Westminster; his exequies being solemnly performed by the archbishops and most of the bishops, by the king's order, in St. Paul's cathedral. From Westminster it was brought to Fotheringhay, and on December 1, 1465, interred in the choir. The tomb is described by Leland, who saw it, as "a flat marble stone; and upon it was his image flat in brass."

Richard, Duke of York, fell in the battle of Wakefield.* His body was first interred at Pontefract, but afterwards removed, with that of his son Edmund, Earl of Rutland, in great pomp, to Fotheringhay. On July 22, 1466, their remains were put into a chariot, covered with black velvet, richly wrapped in cloth of gold and royal habit. At the feet of the duke stood the figure of an angel

* The chapel on the bridge at Wakefield, was built by Edward IV. in memory of this event. This fee rebus is engraved in the Mirror, vol. xx., p. 401.

clothed in white, and bearing a crown of gold, to signify that of right he was a king. The chariot was drawn by seven horses, trapped to the ground, and covered with black, charged with escutcheons of that prince's arms. Every horse carried a man, and upon the foremost rode Sir John Skipwith, who bore the duke's banner displayed. The bishops and abbots, in their robes, went two or three miles before, to prepare the reception of the remains. Richard, Duke of Gloucester, followed next after the chariot, accompanied by several of the nobility and officers of arms. In this order, they left Pontefract; and that night rested at Doncaster, where they were received by the convent of Cordeliers, in grey habit. Thence by easy stages, they proceeded to Blithe, Tuxford in the Clay, Newark, Grantham, and Stamford; and on Monday, July 29, the procession reached Fotheringhay, where the bodies were received by several bishops and abbots in their robes, and supported by twelve servants of the deceased. At the entrance of the churchyard, King Edward IV., accompanied by several dukes, earls, and barons, in mourning, were in attendance, who proceeded to the choir of the church, near the high altar, where was a hearse covered with black, furnished with banners and other insignia. Upon this hearse were placed the remains of the duke and his son Edmund. The queen and her two daughters were also present in mourning, attended by several ladies and other persons. Over the image was a cloth of majesty of black sarcenet; with the figure of our Lord sitting on a rainbow, of beaten gold, having in every corner an escutcheon of the arms of France and England quarterly; with a valence round the hearse also of deep, black sarcenet, fringed half a yard deep, and ornamented with three angels of beaten gold, holding the duke's arms within a garter, in every part above the hearse.

Upon the morrow, the 30th, several masses were said; and at the offertory of the mass of requiem, the king offered for the prince his father; and the queen, her two daughters, and the duchess (countess) of Richmond, offered afterwards. Then Norroy, king of arms, offered the prince's coat of arms; March, king of arms, the target; Ireland, king of arms, the sword; Windsor, herald of England, and Ravendot, herald of Scotland, offered the helmet; and Mr. de Ferreys, the harness and courser.

Edward, Earl of March, afterwards Edward IV., succeeded his father, both in the honours of his house and the possession of Fotheringhay castle and lordship; Cicely, his mother, still retaining her right in it until the ninth year of his reign; when Guy

+ Elizabeth, daughter of Sir Richard Woodville, and widow of Sir John Grey, Knt., who was killed at the battle of St. Albans.

Woolston, Esq., was appointed constable of the castle, and keeper of the great park, Eadeswood and Newhaugh, lying within the bailiwick of Clyve in Rockingham Forest; where the lord of the castle had *housebote** and *keybote*,† and two leets, held yearly at Easter and Michaelmas. From Leland's account, Fotheringhay appears to have been the favourite residence of this powerful and royal house; for the Duchess Cicely, who survived her husband thirty-six years, during the greatest part of her widowhood, inhabited the castle. She died in the 10th Henry VII., 1495, in her castle at Berkhamstead, and was buried in the choir at Fotheringhay.

After the death of Edward IV., the castle continued in the Crown; and by an act of parliament, 1 Henry VII., was declared to be part of the royal possession. Henry settled it upon his queen Elizabeth, the only representative of the house of York. Reverting to the king on her death, it continued in the Crown till Henry VIII. gave it in dowry to Catherine of Aragon, who seems to have been attached to the castle. Leland records, that "she did great cost of refreshing it." He describes it as being, at that time, "a castle fair and neatly strong, with very good lodgings in it, defended by double ditches, with a very ancient and strong keep."

Such is the outline of the history of the castle at Fotheringhay before it was converted to a different purpose; and from the residence of a prince became a prison of the state. This seems to have taken place in the reign of Mary, soon after the 25th of May, 1554. On that day, according to Stow, Edward, the last of the Courtnays, Earls of Devonshire, was removed from the Tower of London to which he had been committed, upon suspicion of his having consented to Sir Thomas Wyatt's conspiracy, by Master Chamberlayne of Suffolk, and Sir Thomas Tresham, Knt., and conveyed to this castle, to remain under their custody at the Queen's pleasure. His confinement here was of short duration, as at Easter of the year following, 1555, he again appeared at court.

The next and last person who entered the castle as a prisoner, and from whose fate it is noted in English history, was the unfortunate Queen of Scots; who was closely confined here, under the custody of Sir William Fitzwilliam, of Milton, during the last six years of her life. Fuller, the historian, visited the castle, and records that he read in one of the windows the following distich, written on the glass with a diamond, by the Queen of Scots:

From the top of all my trust
Mishap hath laid me in the dust;

* An allowance of necessary timber out of the lord's wood, for the repair and support of a house or tenement.

† A liberty to take thorns and other wood, to make and repair hedges, gates, fences, &c.

which is taken from an old ballad preserved in Ellis's *Specimens*. The Queen was brought as a prisoner to Fotheringhay castle about the latter end of the summer of 1586. In the autumn following, the Commissioners appointed for her trial arrived; and three days after, the presence-chamber of the castle was fitted up for the trial. The court sat two days, and adjourned till the 25th of the same month, (October,) to the Star Chamber at Westminster; where it assembled accordingly, and pronounced sentence against the accused.‡

The execution of that sentence was delayed, from various causes, till the 8th of February following. The hall of the castle was then fitted up with a scaffold two feet high and twelve feet broad, "with rails about, hanged and covered with black, with a low stool, a fair long cushion, and a block covered also with black."

It is mainly from this tragical episode in the history of Fotheringhay castle, that the place attracts the attention of the tourist, and excites in him a desire of knowing its former state. "The beauty, accomplishments, and hard fortune of that extraordinary princess, who was a captive eighteen years, have given such an interest to the place in which she suffered, that the stranger is apt to imagine he shall find something on the spot to gratify his curiosity. He will regret that the ground on which it stood, with the surrounding moats, and small fragments of the walls near the river, and on the east of the mount, are the only marks of this once strong and memorable castle."§

During the rest of the reign of Elizabeth, the castle is passed over unnoticed, and was, probably, uninhabited; but, in the first year of James I., it was granted to Charles, Lord Mountjoy, created afterwards Earl of Devonshire; Sir Edward Blount, Knt.; and Joseph Garth, Esq. Upon the death of the Earl, in four years after, the two other proprietors conveyed the castle and lordship to his natural son, Mountjoy, who was afterwards created Earl of Newport.

In 1625, the last year of the reign of James I., the castle was surveyed, and is thus described: "it is very strong, built of stone, and moated about with a double moat. The river Nen on the south side serves for the outer moat, and the mill-brook on the east side between the little park and the castle yard, called the orchard or garden,

‡ Sir William Fitzwilliam, of Milton, in Northamptonshire, was Constable of Fotheringhay Castle at this time, and conducted himself towards the Queen of Scots with such respect and humanity, that a short time before her execution she told him she was unable to make him a proper return; but, if he would accept the picture of her son, then King James VI. of Scotland, and which was hanging at her bed's head, he should have it. The present was accepted, and is still in the collection of the Fitzwilliam family.

§ The Rev. Mr. Bonney's *Historic Notices*, p. 29.

serves for the outer moat on that side," between which mill-brook and the castle there has been a great pond, landed up, on the east side of the castle. The gate and forepart of the house front the north, and as soon as you are past the drawbridge; at the gate, there is a pair of stairs leading up to some fair lodgings, and up higher to the wardrobe, and so on to the fetterlock on the top of the mount, on the north-west corner of the castle; which is built of eight or sixteen square, with chambers lower and upper ones round about, but somewhat decayed, and so are the leads on the top; in the very midst of the round yard in the same, there has been a well, now landed up. When you come down again, and go towards the hall, which is wonderfully spacious, there is a goodly and fair court within the midst of the castle. On the left hand is the chapel, goodly lodgings, the great dining-room, and a large room at this present, well garnished with pictures. Near the hall is the buttery and kitchen; and at the other end of the kitchen, a yard, convenient for wood and such purposes, with large brewhouses and bakehouses, and houses convenient for offices. From the gate going out of the yard, there is another yard half encompassing the castle, going round about to the first gate, and a great barn in the west side of the yard. A gatehouse and another ruinous house in the east corner of the same." The great barn and part adjoining were, in 1821, tenanted by a farmer. On the east side of what was then the dwelling-house, was a Gothic doorway, the only fragment of original architecture on the premises.

Soon after this survey, the castle seems to have been consigned to ruin; for Sir Robert Cotton, who lived at that time, purchased the hall in which the Queen of Scots was beheaded, and removed it to Connington, in Huntingdonshire. The stone of other parts was purchased by Robert Kirkham, Esq., to build a chapel in his house at Fineshade, in this neighbourhood; and the last remains of the castle were destroyed in the middle of the eighteenth century, for the purpose of improving the navigation of the Nea. Thus, removed by degrees, it escaped the notice of the antiquary, who, probably, would have recorded its destruction, had it been less gradual. There is a tale of its having been destroyed by order of James, on account of its having been the scene of his mother's suffering; but this has been disproved.

In June, 1820, the earth on the eastern side of the mount, on which the keep stood, was removed for procuring stone, when the workmen laid open one of the servants apartments on the western side of the castle court: part of the pavement of Norman bricks could

then be traced. About the same time, the earth on the outside of the fortification was thrown into the moat; and three coins were found, one of them foreign, of base metal; another, a groat of Edward II.; and the third, a shilling of Edward IV., in the Rev. Mr. Bonney's possession, at the time of publishing his *Historic Notices*.

Spirit of Discovery.

THE ARCTIC EXPEDITION.

Of the various expeditions which have departed from our shores, for the purpose of extending discovery into the arctic regions, none have appeared more likely to achieve the grand object in view, than that which has just sailed under the orders of Captain Back, nor is it possible to contemplate the various acquisitions made to geography, by the several modern voyages of discovery in the vicinity of Baffin's Bay, without feeling more than ordinary interest in the result of that which is now going forward. It is not with respect to the actual possibility of the passage to Bering's Strait, north of America, that our interest is now excited—that is a question which we have considered as settled since the first memorable expedition conducted by Sir Edward Parry; and whenever the north-west passage to China shall be performed by any ship, it may be considered a fortuitous event which the energy and intrepidity of British seamen have shown to be practicable, under circumstances of weather, &c., favourable to navigation. The object of the present expedition may literally be considered to lie, in defining the north-east extreme of the American continent. Until the arrival of Captain Back in England, from his land journey in search of Sir John Ross, we were to consider the western boundary of Prince Regent's Inlet as this north-eastern extreme: but no sooner does Captain Back appear, than "the wide, the open sea," is reported some hundreds of miles to the southward and westward of that part of the arctic regions, and also that a tide was running into it from the westward. It is for the purpose of tracing the shore of this "open sea," from the mouth of the river Back, to the eastward as far as Melville peninsula, and to the westward as far as Cape Turnagain, that the Terror has departed from England. Were we to hazard an opinion, we should say, that it appears likely that the land called North Somerset by Parry will be found to consist of a series of islands.

The Terror sailed from the Nore on the 16th of June, accompanied by the Rhadamanthus steam-vessel (for the purpose of towing her as far as wind and weather would permit), and on clearing the Pentland Firth, Captain Back would shape his course for Cape Farewell; and, passing up Hudson Strait, would enter Wager River or Repulse

* The outer moat, on the north side, before the earth was thrown into it, in 1820, was 75 feet across: and the inner moat at the foot of the mount, 66 feet.

Bay as most convenient, and, having secured the ship there, would then proceed to cross the isthmus which separates them from the bottom of Prince Regent's Inlet. Two light boats will be conveyed across this isthmus, one of which will proceed to explore the coast to the north-east, as far as the Strait of the Fury and Hecla, while the other will go west towards the mouth of the river Back. Thus the southern shore of the Boothian Gulf will be defined, and thereby also the breadth of the isthmus connected with Melville Peninsula, which separates it from the Atlantic waters.

In the immediate neighbourhood of their proceedings, is the position of the magnetic pole; and the magnetic observations which will be obtained by Captain Back and his officers, will give additional interest to the results of this voyage. The time it may require to be performed in must remain uncertain, as it is more than probable that such discoveries may be made, either of a geographical or other nature, as will induce Captain Back to avail himself of the discretionary power invested in him of wintering in Wager river, in which case his return would be looked for by the end of next summer. He is accompanied by officers who are well qualified to assist him in his arduous enterprise. Lieutenant Smyth and Owen Stanley are officers already well known; the former from his late journey from Lima to Para, and the latter from his surveys in the Mediterranean; and the services of Mr. Saunders, the master, will no doubt be turned to a good account in the numerous scientific pursuits which will occupy the whole party during their interesting voyage.—*Nautical Magazine.*

Fine Arts.

BURFORD'S PANORAMA.

ALL the world in an acre—of canvas—must nearly have been realized by Mr. Burford's genius, at Leicester Square. His last new picture is a View of the Lago Maggiore, the largest of the three lakes of Lombardy; with the Isola Bella, or Beautiful Island, as the gem set in this paradise of waters. It is, indeed, a fascinating picture, nearly realizing all that poetry and romance have sung or said of enchantment and its fairy regions; and, to step in from the humdrum of Leicester Square to peep at these scenes of celestial beauty, is almost enough to make the discontented man repine at his uncheery lot.

Isola Bella has long ranked among the wonders of Italy, and is a perfect specimen of the Italian style of ornamental gardening two centuries back. Hyperbole has been almost exhausted, even to Eustace, in our days, for terms to describe and praise its various beauties. It has been called “the

Enchanted Isle,” “the Island of Calypso;” its groves compared to those of Idalia! its garden to that of the Hesperides! and its palace to that of Armida. Its pyramid of terraces, covered with orange, lemon, and citron-trees, recall to us the Hanging Gardens of Babylon; and John Martin, one of the most imaginative of our painters, has, we believe, represented the Babylonian wonder by such garden terraces.

The Isola Bella was, until the middle of the seventeenth century, a bare, craggy, and shapeless mass of gneiss, producing only a few mosses and lichens; when Count Borromeo, nephew to the great Carlo Borromeo, resolved to make it his residence, and form it into an Italian paradise. We may wonder at, but can scarcely guess, the expense of converting three barren rocks into as many productive islands, by transporting sufficient earth from the main land to form beds sufficiently deep for the growth of forest trees, and the thousands of hands employed in this vast labour. In Mr. Burford's Key, the garden is thus described:—

Twas where o'er the sea,
Delicious gardens hung; green galleries
And marble terraces, in many a flight,
And fairy arches flung from cliff to cliff
Wilderling, enchanting; and above them all
A palace, such as somewhere in the East,
In Zemistan, or Araby the bliest,
Among its golden groves, and fruits of gold.
And fountains scattering rainbows in the sun,
Rose when Aladdin rubbed the wondrous lamp.

Rogers.

“The Garden of the Isola Bella is a realization of the fabled regions of the Arabian nights, a fairy land containing
All the gifts that heaven and earth impart,
The smiles of nature and the charms of art.

“It consists of a series of ten terraces rising one above the other in a pyramidal form, from a base four hundred feet on each side, to the height of one hundred and twenty feet above the lake, connected with each other by noble flights of marble steps, by which means the space is multiplied, the walks suited to all tastes, either sunshine or shade, and the fancy pleased by the variety of the views from different elevations. The two lower terraces are raised on rustic arches, perforated in the rock, which form, during the winter, receptacles for the rare and tender plants; the walls of those above are entirely hidden by orange, lemon, and citron trees, trained against them; the extreme edges of the terraces are defended by low walls or balustrades, ornamented with colossal statues of a grotesque character, carved in a coarse kind of stone, and obelisks surmounted by feathers or leaves of tin; also numerous rare and beautiful exotics in vases of different forms: the uppermost terrace is a paved platform about fifty feet square, surrounded by a balustrade, and crowned by a colossal sculpture of Pegasus, the winged

horse of Apollo : from this terrace a magnificent view of the lake and surrounding country is obtained. On one of the southern terraces is a grove of fine orange trees, many of them, being as old as the first formation of the garden, have attained an extraordinary size ; during the summer they flourish in the greatest perfection, and ripen fruit of large size and good flavour, which it is rather extraordinary the orange-tree will not do in the vicinity of Milan, half a degree farther south, and 287 feet lower. In the winter, this grove is defended by a covering of boards, and, in very severe weather, a few charcoal fires are lighted in it : from 30 to 36,000 oranges are annually gathered on the island besides lemons, citrons of great size, and an abundance of other fruits.

The luxuriance and great vegetative strength of many of the trees on this delightful spot is astonishing ; the oriental cypress and common laurel are as tall, clean in the stem, and as large in the head, as the noblest deciduous trees : the trunk of one, said to have been planted by Borromeo himself, measures nine feet in circumference, and is ninety-five feet in height ; the agave Americanus, and the cactus *ficus Indica*, bed themselves in the rocks on the brink of the lake, and flourish and bloom as in their native soil ; the grape, olive, peach, fig, and pomegranate, all ripen fruit of peculiar size and flavour ; the yucca is superb, the hydrangeas six feet in height, the oleanders of numerous varieties and richness of colours, unknown in England, and the ranunculus of *Isola Bella* is every where held in the highest estimation. The hedges are of myrtle, the bowers of jasmine, the caper, *scaevola*, tracheline, and the rarest exotics, from all parts of the world, find a congenial atmosphere ; in fact, the catalogue of indigenous and foreign plants, to be found here, is immense. On the bark of one of the large trees, in the lower garden, is visible the word "Battaglia," said to have been cut by Bonaparte himself, with his penknife, the night before the battle of Marengo."

Beautiful as may be the Island, it is environed by sublimity of matchless grandeur. Beyond the crystal lake, rise villages, with church towers, vineyards, orchards, forests, and castled crags ; then, graceful hills, clad with beautiful verdure ; and beyond, from east to west, the Alps form a magnificent amphitheatre, their majestic ridges towering precisely at that distance which softens their too rugged character, and blending their varied outline in the rich, mellow tints of the evening sky :

The Alps, that mighty chain
Of mountains, stretching on from east to west,
So massive, yet so shadowy, so ethereal
As to belong rather to heaven than earth.

O'er the Simplon winds

A path of pleasure, like a silver zone
Flung about carelessly, it shines afar,
Catching the eye in many a broken link
In many a turn, and travers as it glides ;
And oft above and oft below appears,
Now o'er the wall by him who journeys up,
As though it were another, not the same,
Leading along he knows not whence or whither ;
Yet thro' its fury comes, go where it will,
The torrent stops it not ; the rugged rock
Opens and lets it in ; and on it runs,
Winning its easy way from clime to clime,
Through glens locked up before.—Rogers.

The palace, we should mention, is partly in decay ; and its interior has an air of splendid desolation : but the galleries and saloons are rich in paintings, sculpture, tapestry, carvings, and highly-wrought specimens of art. The garden is kept in order to this day ; while the mighty Alps themselves withstand the storms of time.

The Naturalist.

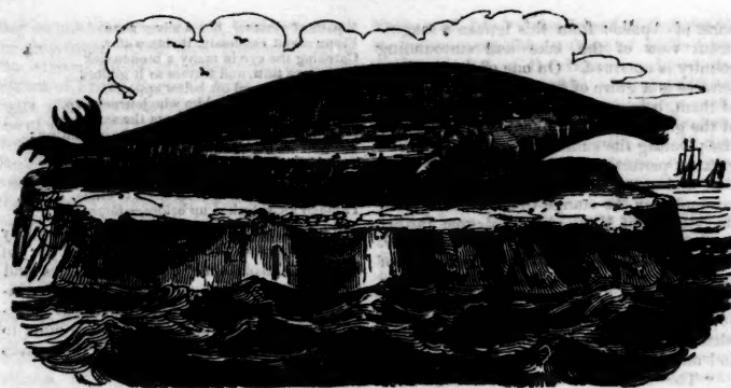
THE SEA-LEOPARD.

MR. WEDDELL, in his *Voyage towards the South Pole*, saw several of these extraordinary animals on the shores of the South Orkneys, in the Antarctic circle. These islands were examined by our enterprising voyager, who named the easternmost Saddle Island, and ascertained the latitude of its centre to be $60^{\circ} 37' 50''$, and longitude, $44^{\circ} 52' 45''$ west of Greenwich. Mr. Weddell and his companions continuing to tack the vessels about in a bay, (which, from Saddle Island forming part of it, he called Saddle Island Bay,) they had frequently to work ship to avoid striking the drift ice, produced by the icebergs, which form in the bays in winter, and break away in the summer. The coast is terrific in appearance. The tops of the islands, for the most part, terminate in craggy, towering peaks, and look not unlike the mountain-tops of a sunken island.

Upon the perilous shore of Saddle Island, Mr. Weddell having seen some sea-leopards, sent the second mate to take them ; and he soon returned with six, which he captured.

The sea-leopard resembles the quadruped of the same name in being spotted. Professor Jamieson considers it to be a new species of *phoca*, or seal, and gives it the following distinguishing characters :—Leopardine seal, the neck long and tapering ; the head small ; the body pale-greyish above, yellowish below, and back spotted with pale white. This species to be referred to the division of *Stenorhinque*, of F. Cuvier ; the teeth, however, do not quite agree with those of his *Phoque Septentrionalis*, nor with those of Sir Everard Home, figured in Pl. xxix. of the *Philosophical Transactions* for 1822.

Mr. Weddell's boats coasted the South Orkneys for several miles, and the skins of sea-leopards and a few seals, appear to have been the only reward of their searches. The



(The Sea-leopard.)

specimen of the former, here engraved, was drawn from nature by Mr. Weddell, and forms one of the illustrations of his important and entertaining narrative.

The Public Journals.

THE QUESTIONER—A CHAUNT.

By Robert Nicoll.

I ask not for his lineage,
I ask not for his name—
If manliness be in his heart,
He noble birth may claim.
I care not though of world's wealth
But slender be his part.
If Yes you answer, when I ask—
Hath he a true man's heart?
I ask not from what land he came,
Nor where his youth was nursed—
If pure the stream, it matters not
The spot from whence it burst.
The palace or the hovel,
Where first his life began,
I seek not of; but answer this—
Is he an honest man?
Nay, blush not now—what matters it
Where first he drew his breath?
A manger was the cradle-bed
Of Him of Nazareth!
Be naught, be any, every thing—
I care not what you be—
If Yes you answer, when I ask—
Art thou pure, true, and free?

Tait's Edinburgh Magazine.

THE VILLAGE CHURCH.

By Robert Nicoll.

Gion's lowly temple! place of many prayers!
Grey is thy roof and crumbling are thy walls;
And over old green graves thy shadow falls,
To bless the spot where e'en all human caves!
The sight of thee brings gladness to my heart;
And while beneath thy humble roof I stand,
I seem to grasp an old familiar hand,
And hear a voice that bids my spirit start.
Long years ago, in childhood's careless hour,
Thou wast to me e'en like a grandairie's knee,
From storms a shelter thou wast made to be—
I bound my brow with ivy from thy tower.

The humble hearted, and the meek and pure,
Have, by the holy worship of long years,
Made thee a hallowed place; and many tears,
Shed in repentance deep, have blessed thy floor.
Like some all-loving good man's feeling heart,
Thy portal hath been opened unto all;
A treasure-house where men, or great or small,
May bring their purest, holiest thoughts, thou art!
Church of the Village! God doth not despise
The torrent's voice, in mountain valleys dim;
Nor yet the blackbird's summer morning hymn;
And He will hear the prayers from thee that rise.
The father loves thee, for his son is laid
Among thy graves; the mother loves thee too,
For 'neath thy roof, by love time-tried and true,
Her quiet heart long since was happy made.
The wanderer in a far and foreign land,
When death's last sickness o'er him revels free,
Turns his heart homewards, even unto thee,
And those who weekly 'neath thy roof-tree stand.
Lowly thou art; but yet, when time is set,
Will He who loves what wicked men despise—
Who hears the orphan's voice, that up doth rise
In deep sincerity—not thee forget!
Lone temple! did men know it—unto thee
Would pilgrims come, more than to battle plains;
For thou hast lightened human woes and pain,
And taught men's souls the truth that makes them
free!

The distant sound of thy sweet Sabbath bell
O'er meadows green no more shall come to me,
Sitting beneath the lonely forest tree—
Church of my native Village! fare-thee-well!

Ibid.

AUTOBIOGRAPHICAL SKETCHES CONNECTED WITH LACOCK ABBEY.

By Mrs. Crawford.

The country, remote from London, is the only place for rightly enjoying Christmas; and, in Wiltshire, they keep up the sacred season in due form, omitting none of the old usages observed by our merry ancestors. The dressing up of the hall with its branches of rosemary, holly, and bay; the mystic mistletoe, so dear to lovers; the visit of the wassailers, (or as they are vulgarly and somewhat ludicrously termed, the way-sailors,) who come with their large bowl, dressed up with rib-

bons, to be filled with spiced ale, and to claim their annual tribute; the village ringers, with miniature bells, making their merry peal resound through the houses; and the Christmas brand, (or "yule log," as the Scotch call it,) were all things of interest in those happy days, ere death had broken in upon the home circle, and darkened the Christmas hearth with the shadows of old remembrances.

It was in the dreary month of December, a short time before I quitted Wiltshire, that Colonel Lindsey, (brother of Lord Balcarres,) and Sir Clement Briggs, accompanied my brother, to spend the approaching Christmas with us. There could not be two more opposite characters than those of the colonel and the baronet: and yet both were highly agreeable men. The colonel was the brave, hardy soldier, moulded on the perfect gentleman; plain and unpretending in manners as in speech, with a little touch of quiet drollery showing itself occasionally. He had been in various parts of the world, and abounded in anecdote. Sir Clement had more of the courtier than the soldier in his manners. He had all the little courtesies and attentions to women, whether old or young, that belonged to the olden times; yet withal so spontaneous and unaffected, without either the conceit of the modern, or the stiff formality of the ancient, beau, that it was evident nature had more to do with the fashioning of his manners than art. He too had been a great traveller, and had served in the army. He had a little spice of the sentimental in his character; and, though a brave soldier, no inconsiderable share of superstition; both partly, no-doubt, the result of a life marked by strange and romantic vicissitudes.

Sir Clement was a widower, but the colonel's lady was living. He married the daughter of Lord North, the very Lady Charlotte Lindsey who was the friend and attendant of the late unfortunate Queen Caroline. Colonel Lindsey had a tall, muscular figure, and looked a true descendant of the bold, hardy veteran, who, in the days of Scotland's troubles, struck terror to the hearts of her enemies; and (though with less of gallantry) blanched the roses on the cheeks of the lovely but misguided Mary Stuart, when, in the heat of his zeal, he left the print of his gauntletted fingers upon her delicate arm. Sir Clement was a little man, of a strongly moulded frame, and with a countenance, which, though bland and smiling, was not unlike (at least in point of expression) to that of our great tragedian, Kean, in some of his more energetic characters.

In the mornings the gentlemen frequently engaged in the amusement of shooting, and with their dogs and guns rambled through the fields and woods, a bright winter sun occasionally lighting up the leafless trees to a summer glow, and tinging with its golden

light the snow that had spread its winding sheet over the still bosom of reposing nature. "Snow," as the poet sings, "is beautiful in its season;" and I never remember to have seen it to more advantage, than when covering the landscape of my early home. The ground at the back of the house slopes down, with a gentle declivity, for a considerable way, and then lies level with the Avon, that winds along its margin. Embosomed in the majestic woods that covered the banks of that beautiful and classic stream to the water's edge, stood, what the poet calls, "a little, lowly hermitage," covered with the most luxuriant ivy. It had been constructed out of one of the native oaks; and its interior appropriately conveyed the idea of a spot, in which one might suppose some holy saint or simple bardsman to have domiciled. A rude bench of oak; a table of the same lasting material, which bore the records of past generations, who had carved their names upon it; a shelf (and such a one as might justify the belief that the hermit had himself constructed it) placed beside the little gothic window, with some maple cups and platters; a broken hour-glass, and a skull, formed the sole furniture and adornment of the place.

Those were pleasant evenings, when, after a morning's ramble through the snow, my brother and his friends sat round the hearth with us, and the merry laugh and the light song drowned the sounds of the winter winds. Sir Clement Briggs had many strange legends, and ghost stories, pertaining to his own romantic Wales, that not a little charmed my young fancy, then wrapt in delightful wonder, and ready to believe the wildest fiction. But no tale of romance could perhaps exceed the real history of Sir Clement's own life, of which I may some day give a few of the leading particulars, in a separate form. Colonel Lindsey, too, had passed through a variety of strange adventures, and had many "hair-breadth 'scapes." He was one of the few who survived their imprisonment in the black-hole of Calcutta; and his description of it (for he was master of a good style, and happy in laying events, as in a map, before his auditors) was, beyond measure, affecting and horrible. Thrown wounded amongst a promiscuous multitude—some dead, some dying, and others, with the desperation of still unsubdued energy, battling with suffocation, and fighting their way over the dead bodies of their companions, to reach that narrow grating, to which hope clung as the only means of life—the scene before the colonel's eyes was indeed so terrible, that (as he said) death were there a more ghastly form than on the field of battle. Nothing could be stronger than the manner in which he portrayed his own feelings of disappointment, nay, almost of despair, when, after

crawling from the extreme verge of this earthly inferno, he gained the narrow aperture, and inhaled only the stifling air of the sultry East. How different from the invigorating breezes of his native Scotland!

There was nothing in the slightest degree egotistical, or like vain boasting, in the colonel, though few military men had seen so much of real service, or bore so many honourable proofs that he had not disgraced his proud name. He had been severely wounded in different engagements, of which he retained upon his person the lasting memorials. He had a large scar on his breast, the relic of a deep sabre wound, which had barely avoided the lungs; he had another on his brow, and a severe one across the hand. I remember he told us an anecdote, that showed his presence of mind, which was a remarkable feature in his character. Putting on his boot one day, when in India, he found a snake had coiled itself up at the bottom. To withdraw his foot would have been to challenge an attack from the deadly reptile. He therefore forced it down, and stamping with great violence, succeeded in crushing the creature to death.

It was to an ancestor of Colonel Lindsay that the spirit of the gallant Viscount Dundee is said to have appeared; and however the belief in such appearances is daily losing ground, it may, at least, be said, that there are some striking circumstances connected with this story which give it the stamp of truth. The matter has been differently narrated, though the following is, I believe, the most correct account.

"At the time Viscount Dundee fell in the battle of Killicranky, his friend, the Lord Balcarres, was a prisoner in the castle of Edinburgh, upon a strong suspicion of attachment to the unfortunate house of Stuart. The captive earl was in bed when a hand drew aside the curtain, and the figure of his friend was revealed to him armed as for battle. The spectre gazed long and mournfully on Lord Balcarres, then passing to the other end of the chamber, leaned for some time on the mantelpiece, and then slowly trod its way out at the door. The earl, never for a moment supposing that he was looking at an apparition, called out to Dundee, 'Stop;' but the figure heeded him not. Immediately afterwards the news was conveyed to his lordship of the battle, and that the gallant Dundee was slain; or, as the song says, that

"Low lay the bonnet of bonny Dundee."

This relation calls to my mind another story, as fully authenticated and of more recent occurrence. Lord Chedworth (I mean the father of the late lord) had living with him the orphan daughter of a sister of his, a Miss Wright, one of my mother's most intimate friends, and whom I have often heard relate the circumstance. Lord Chedworth

was a good man, and anxious to do his duty as a Christian; but, unfortunately, he had some doubts as to the existence of the soul in another world. He had a great friendship for a gentleman, one whom he had known from his boyhood, and who was, like himself, one of those unbelieving mortals that must have ocular demonstration for everything. They often met, and often too renewed the subject so interesting to both; but neither could help the other to that happy conviction honestly (I believe) wished by each. One morning Miss Wright observed, on her uncle's joining her at the breakfast table, a considerable degree of thought and trouble displayed on his countenance. He ate little, and was unusually silent. At last he said, "Molly, (for thus he familiarly called her,) I had a strange visitor last night. My old friend B——" (I forgot the name) "came to me."

"How!" said Miss Wright, "did he come after I went to bed?"

"His spirit did," said Lord Chedworth, solemnly.

"Oh, my dear uncle! how could the spirit of a living man appear?" said she, smiling.

"He is dead, beyond doubt," replied his lordship: "listen, and then laugh as much as you please. I had not entered my bedroom many minutes, when he stood before me. Like you, I could not believe but that I was looking on the living man, and so accosted him; but he answered, 'Chedworth, I died this night at eight o'clock. I come to tell you, there is another world beyond the grave; there is a righteous God that judgeth all.'"

"Depend upon it, uncle, it was only a dream;" but while Miss Wright was yet speaking, a groom on horseback rode up the avenue, and immediately afterwards delivered a letter to Lord Chedworth, announcing the sudden death of his friend. Whatever construction the reader may be disposed to put upon this narrative, it is not unimportant to add, that the effect upon the mind of Lord Chedworth was as happy as it was permanent. All his doubts were at once removed, and for ever.—*Abridged from the Metropolitan.*

CITY SPECULATION.

In the year of the panic (1826) a gentleman in the North of England, who had lived in good style, died, leaving two grown-up sons, part of a large family, behind him; contrary to the expectations of his children, when his affairs were examined, there was found to be little more property than was sufficient to satisfy the demands against the estate.

Some gentleman in the neighbourhood, feeling for their situation and disappointment, advised both of the young men to repair to London and endeavour to obtain situations; and further to facilitate these objects, and assist them, he wrote a letter of introduction

to an eminent citizen, directing them to present it immediately on their arrival in the metropolis.

When the person to whom the letter was addressed read its contents, he communed their situation, invited them to dinner the same day, and immediately commenced his inquiries among his friends for situations which he judged might suit them, and, within a few hours, obtained the late Sir William Curtis's consent, to admit the eldest into his banking house as a clerk. While the good man, who resided in the neighbourhood of the India House, was thus engaged, the young northerns took a walk to survey the modern Babylon, and we may judge of their patron's surprise, when three weeks elapsed before either of them again made their appearance at his house. The reader must be informed, that both the young men had brought in their pockets to town, the money which came to their share upon the division of the father's property, amounting to about three hundred and fifty pounds each.

After an absence of three weeks from the time they delivered their introductory letter to the citizen, one of them entered his counting-house, and said, "Sir, I know not how sufficiently to apologize to you for my conduct: I have been now three weeks in town, the whole of which time has passed like a dream to me. No! not like a dream neither, it is reality, for I have all the money in my pocket," slapping his hand upon his thigh.

"What money?" hastily inquired the citizen.

"Fourteen thousand pounds, which I have made since I saw you—nothing shall keep me another day in such a place, for I have just recollect'd, that when so much can be in a short time obtained, the same may be lost; and although the adage, which tells us, 'Money is like manure, of no use until it be spread,' may be good, yet I mean to take my leisure in determining how I shall dispose of mine."

"Well, well!" cried the incredulous, and astonished citizen; "but tell me how all this has happened. What has become of your brother—why didn't he call and explain it?"

"My brother!" rejoined the fortunate young man; "has been as busy as I have, and means to stay two or three days longer in town, to get in his money. I believe he has made more than I; but I'll be off, there's witchery in the place, and I'll keep my hand fast hold of the money all the way, until I reach home."

"Zounds! why don't you explain? why so mystical and cabalistical? Say, what have you been doing? How did you get the money?" again inquired the impatient Londoner.

"That, sir, is precisely what I came to tell you," answered the young man. "On the morning we left your office, we strolled out into the town, with a view of whiling away the time until dinner-hour. Passing down a lane by the Bank, which I now know to be Bartholomew-lane, we met a gentleman who was formerly a school-fellow with us in the north; he was coming out from the Stock Exchange, in a great hurry and bustle; so much so, that we could hardly induce him to stop while we inquired after his health, and whether he was settled in London. 'London,' cried he; 'why I am here every day upon the Exchange, and I think I shall almost go mad; if I had had money, I could have made my fortune within these last ten days, and now I am running to a friend to acquaint him of the peculiar state of the market regarding —— (here he mentioned some newly-formed company): any man who lays his money out to-day, will double it to-morrow; ay, those shares may, in twenty hours from this time, bear two hundred per cent profit to purchasers to-day, that is, within the present hour.' So saying, he inquired where he might call upon us, and was about to dart off: my brother Robert looked me hard in the face, and thinking he discovered thoughts passing similar to his own, he laid hold of the broker's arm and held him, while he inquired how much money would be requisite to make a purchase. 'Any sum, from fifty to a thousand pounds,' was the reply. Well, sir, not to be prolix," continued the young man, "my brother and myself laid out our money in some one or more companies' shares, which, under the management and direction of our friend, sure enough, realized us cent per cent, and something more; thus we were possessed of upwards of seven hundred pounds each. As we were now in the alchymist's shop, it needed but little persuasion to induce us to put our money again into the crucible, and thus we did during the period of three weeks, turning and twisting it about by the skill or conjuration of our guide, (aided, I must strongly suspect, by the notorious gullibility of some cockneys,) so judiciously, that the result is as before told, viz., the making of my fortune; for I mean to be satisfied with what I have got—no risk for me. As we say of matrimony, two prizes are rarely found in one lottery. I have no 'itching palm' beyond security from poverty."

The worthy citizen highly applauded his prudence and moderation, saying, "That when enough is granted, it is folly to covet more: it has been remarked by an ingenious writer, 'that every animal except man, keeps to one dish; but man falls upon every thing that comes in his way.' —*The Life, Opinions, and Adventures, of Jack Ketch, Metropolitan.*

New Books.

CAPTAIN BASIL HALL'S SCHLOSS HAINFELD.
(Concluded from page 63.)

[Our limits will allow us merely to run over the heads of the remaining chapters of this entertaining volume, and note from one or two of them. Thus, among the former, we have the Rival Guests, two young Ladies from Gratz, the capital of Styria, both of whom spoke English, it being in Germany the fashion to study our language. The eccentricities of these charming friends are very amusingly told.

Chapter the Seventh consists of a visit to the Archduke John, the Emperor of Austria's brother, then residing at his vineyard, on the right bank of the river Drave; and another visit to his Imperial Highness, at his iron-works, at Vordernberg. Of him it is gratifying to learn "there, probably, have been few men in any station, and not many princes, who have proved greater benefactors to their country."

We must, however, pass over the remaining chapters with one note, to come to one of the gems of the volume. First, is the extract above alluded to—viz.]

A German Bed.

In other parts of the world, when the cold becomes excessive, and the body cannot be kept warm by such fires as are to be found in bad inns, there remains always the resource of bed and blankets. At least I knew a family, who, in travelling from Paris to London, in the bitter winter of 1829—30, were detained at Calais for the greater part of a day, and not being able by any quantity of firewood to keep the circulation sufficiently active, magnanimously went to bed after breakfast, and lay there till the steam-boat was ready to start.

This, unfortunately, you cannot do in Germany; in the whole range of which, so far as I have seen, and I have travelled over a great part of it, there is not one tolerable bed to be seen; or if there be, it is in such a place as Hainfeld, where the proprietor is either a foreigner, or one who has travelled into countries where the comforts of the bedroom are considered as essential as the elegancies of the drawing-room.

The Germans are a cleanly, sober, civil, hospitable, honest set of people, but they have no idea whatever of how the night ought to be passed. Provided they get through the day with good faith to their neighbours, honour to their king, and devotion to their pipes and priests, they seem to think that the other half of the twenty-four hours may be got over as if it formed an immaterial portion of their time. At all events, I have seldom seen a German bed in which an English gentleman would not feel

ashamed to put one of his tired pointers after a day's shooting. I do not dwell on the minor discomfort of having no bed-posts or curtains—that one is accustomed to elsewhere abroad. What I complain of is their being so insufferably small in every one of their dimensions. If you are teased with your feet chafing against the boards at the lower end, and you urge yourself upwards, you invariably knock your head against the top; and if, in despair for want of room lengthwise, you coil yourself up, and thus, as military men say, widen the base of your operations, your knees overhang one side, and some counterpoising point must protrude beyond the opposite margin.

So much for the latitude and longitude of your night's lodgings.

Under you is a waving sea of wretchedly stuffed mattresses, or an ill prepared sack of straw or Indian corn-leaves, either of which is a luxury compared to that horror of horrors, a feather-bed, which, in nine cases out of ten, you are forced to lie (not to sleep) upon; and, what is unspeakably worse, instead of a good, honest blanket or two over you, there is another of these abominable feather-beds. Between these two hateful affairs, there are inserted two damp cloths called sheets, but which might with more propriety, so far as size is concerned, be named pocket-handkerchiefs. To complete the furniture of the bed, there is laid over it in the daytime, a counterpane of muslin, with a showy fringe, and sometimes worked with flowers—a gaudy covering to the misery which lies buried beneath, "like roses o'er a sepulchre."

I would ask any single gentleman or lady, or lady and gentleman combined in wedlock, how the livelong night—as it may well be called, when passed in a German bed in a German winter, can possibly be arranged with comfort on such terms? "The thing is impossible," as the celebrated Hoby said to a customer, who required a pair of handsome and comfortable boots for a pair of legs twisted like *sz* of the German alphabet. In like manner, I avow it to be impossible to sleep comfortably in any German bed; and it might almost seem as if there were some moral, physical, or political law against constructing beds in that country more than three quarters of an ell in width.

[It should next be mentioned that soon after the festivities of Christmas, at Hainfeld, the poor Countess died, one day after that which she predicted would be her last. Captain Hall remained at the Schloss to bury his excellent hostess, thus complying with her entreaty, that he "would not desert her at the last, but remain by her to close her eyes, and lay her poor old shattered head in the grave."

The last Chapter is, probably, the most interesting portion of the narrative, inasmuch as it relates to the intimacy of the Countess

with Sir Walter Scott, when they both were young, though the lady was considerably the senior. This intimacy led Sir Walter very early in life to consult the Countess, then Miss Cranston, about his literary productions, respecting which, it appears, that he, with the usual diffidence of genius and powers unexercised, felt extremely distrustful. Fortunately, he not only met with sympathy and encouragement, but with solid counsel, from a congenial mind, whose sagacity penetrated much sooner than the rest of the world through the modest veil which concealed those talents destined so soon to command universal attention. Captain Hall then relates the circumstance of Scott submitting to Miss Cranston his translation of Burger's Leonora, and her causing it to be printed, and sent to Scott, as a surprise. During Captain Hall's sojourn at Hainfeld, he received from Mr. Lockhart, Sir Walter Scott's son-in-law, a letter, in which the writer requests the Captain to ask the Countess, whether she ever received a long and beautiful letter from Sir Walter, acknowledging the receipt of her book, entitled the Denkmahl.* Mr. Lockhart had found such a letter, unsigned and unaddressed, among Sir Walter Scott's papers, and thinking it possible that he had forgotten it, and the document was her Ladyship's, he proffered to send it to her. The poor Countess was much agitated when Captain Hall read Mr. Lockhart's letter to her; she had not received any answer from Sir Walter Scott to the communication she sent with the Denkmahl, and she had felt the keenest disappointment at his fancied neglect of her at a moment when she was almost overwhelmed by domestic sorrow, and when such a letter as he alone could write would have proved—if any thing on earth could—a consolation to her broken heart. Captain Hall immediately wrote to Mr. Lockhart, to beg that this precious paper, which Sir Walter had written, but mislaid, should be immediately dispatched to Hainfeld. It was sent as desired, but, owing to some unexplained delay, the excellent old lady did not live to read the letter in question. Fortunately, Mr. Lockhart took the precaution to make a copy, before he trusted such a paper to the dangerous handling of the Continental post-offices; and he has granted to Captain Hall permission to make use of this letter in illustration of the character of the late Countess. Here we take up the Captain's words to the conclusion of his most interesting narrative.]

The Countess and Sir Walter Scott.

Before giving this beautiful and interesting letter, however, it may not be out of place

* This is a work in German, which the Countess had prepared, giving an account of her husband and son. Denkmahl means monument.

to mention a curious fact in the history of the Countess, his early friend, which, I think, we established completely. From the accounts which she gave of her own independence of character and conduct, and the peculiarity of her ways, especially of her being always on horseback, and always speaking her mind—with other points bordering on eccentricity, which she said she could well afford to laugh at in her old age, we very early conceived the idea that she might possibly have been the person from whom Sir Walter drew his bold and truly original character of Die Vernon; and when our suspicions were once aroused, we found confirmations at every turn. Amongst other things, it seemed very odd and unaccountable, that of all the works of Sir Walter Scott, the only one she had not seen was Rob Roy; and upon questioning her as to the cause of this, she mentioned that *it was the only one which he had not sent her*. Now, on the supposition that the heroine was drawn from her, this is readily to be understood—but scarcely otherwise.

Of course, we lost no time in bringing this novel before her, and while we read it to her, we carefully watched the effects it produced. She was much more deeply interested with the story than she had been with that of any of the other novels. She took particular interest in the descriptions of the scenery; and with all that part which lies in Cumberland she seemed perfectly familiar; and, as we read on, she repeatedly exclaimed—“Oh! I know that scene—I remember describing it myself to Sir Walter Scott. That anecdote he had from me—I know the man that character is taken from, and so on, through the greater part of the book. But, what was most remarkable, she never once made an observation on the character and proceedings of Die Vernon. So completely, indeed, were we persuaded, from all the circumstances, that she herself was conscious of the likeness, that we felt afraid to take the liberty to speak to her directly upon the subject. Many times, however, we dropped hints, and gave her openings; but though she was quite communicative on every other point, she was resolutely silent upon this. And what made her reserve the more remarkable was, that when any other of Sir Walter's novels was read to her, she let not a single character pass without the minutest scrutiny—and very often stopped us to relate other characteristic anecdotes of the persons mentioned, and which she said she knew belonged to the same parties from which he had made his sketches.

For the rest, I shall only add, that I cannot conceive any thing more exactly like what we may suppose Die Vernon to have become in her old age, than was our excellent friend Madame Pungall at seventy-eight.

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Nearly forty years of expatriation, during scenes of war, pestilence, and famine, with the accompaniment of military despotism and civil tyranny, had in no material degree damped the generous spirit, or tarnished the masculine understanding, which early won the future Great Unknown's confidence and regard; and which, in the meridian of his power and fame, he afterwards traced in one of his most original and striking characters.

The letter which Sir Walter Scott wrote to the Countess is as follows; and I think it will be admitted, that a more enviable Denkmahl, or monument, can hardly be conceived, than is contained in these simple lines, the offspring of a friendship, from which nearly half a century of separation had taken none of its original warmth:—

"*MY DEAR AND MUCH VALUED FRIEND,* 1820.

" You cannot imagine how much I was interested and affected by receiving your token of your kind recollection, after the interval of so many years. Your brother Henry breakfasted with me yesterday, and gave me the letter and the book, which served me as a matter of much melancholy reflection for many hours.

" Hardly any thing makes the mind recoil so much upon itself, as the being suddenly and strongly recalled to times long past, and that by the voice of one whom we have so much loved and respected. Do not think I have ever forgotten you, or the many happy days I passed in Frederick Street, in society which fate has separated so far, and for so many years.

" The little volume was particularly acceptable to me, as it acquainted me with many circumstances, of which distance and imperfect communication had left me either entirely ignorant, or had transmitted only inaccurate information.

" Alas! my dear friend, what can the utmost efforts of friendship offer you, beyond the sympathy which, however sincere, must sound like an empty compliment in the ear of affliction. God knows with what willingness I would undertake any thing which might afford you the melancholy consolation of knowing how much your old and early friend interests himself in the sad event which has so deeply wounded your peace of mind. The verses, therefore, which conclude this letter, must not be weighed according to their intrinsic value, for the more inadequate they are to express the feelings they would fain convey, the more they show the author's anxious wish to do what may be grateful to you.

" In truth, I have long given up poetry. I have had my day with the public; and being no great believer in poetical immortality, I was very well pleased to rise a winner, without continuing the game, till I

was beggared of any credit I had acquired. Besides I felt the prudence of giving way before the more forcible and powerful genius of Byron. If I were either greedy, or jealous of poetical fame—and both are strangers to my nature—I might comfort myself with the thought, that I would hesitate to strip myself to the contest so fearlessly as Byron does; &c to command the wonder and terror of the public, by exhibiting, in my own person, the sublime attitude of the dying gladiator. But with the old frankness of twenty years since, I will fairly own, that this same delicacy of mine may arise more from conscious want of vigour and inferiority than from a delicate dislike to the nature of the conflict. At any rate, there is a time for every thing, and without swearing oaths to it, I think my time for poetry has gone by.

" My health suffered horribly last year, I think from over labour and excitation; and though it is now apparently restored to its usual tone, yet during the long and painful disorder, (spasms in the stomach,) and the frightful process of cure, by a prolonged use of calomel, I learned that my frame was made of flesh, and not of iron, a conviction which I will long keep in remembrance, and avoid any occupation so laborious and agitating as poetry must be, to be worth any thing.

" In this humour, I often think of passing a few weeks on the continent—a summer vacation if I can—and of course my attraction to Gratz would be very strong. I fear this is the only chance of our meeting in this world, we, who once saw each other daily! For I understand from George and Henry, that there is little chance of your coming here. And when I look around me, and consider how many changes you will see in feature, form, and fashion, amongst all you knew and loved; and how much, no sudden squall, or violent tempest, but the slow and gradual progress of life's long voyage, has severed all the gallant fellowships whom you left spreading their sails to the morning breeze, I really am not sure that you would have much pleasure.

" The gay and wild romance of life is over with all of us. The real, dull, and stern history of humanity has made a far greater progress over our heads; and age, dark and unlovely has laid his crutch over the stoutest fellow's shoulders. One thing your old society may boast, that they have all run their course with honour, and almost all with distinction; and the brother supper of Frederick Street have certainly made a very considerable figure in the world, as was to be expected, from her talents under whose auspices they were assembled.

" One of the most pleasant sights which you would see in Scotland, as it now stands, would be your brother George in possession

of the most beautiful and romantic place in Clydesdale—Corehouse. I have promised often to go out with him, and assist him with my deep experience as a planter and landscape gardener. I promise you my oaks will outlast my laurels; and I pique myself more upon my compositions for manure than on any other compositions whatsoever to which I was ever accessory. But so much business of one sort or other engage us both, that we never have been able to fix a time which suited us both; and with the utmost wish to make out the party, perhaps we never may.

"This is a melancholy letter, but it is chiefly so from the sad tone of yours—who have had such real disasters to lament—while mine is only the humorous sadness, which a retrospect on human life is sure to produce on the most prosperous. For my own course of life, I have only to be ashamed of its prosperity, and afraid of its termination; for I have little reason, arguing on the doctrine of chances, to hope that the same good fortune will attend me for ever. I have had an affectionate and promising family, many friends, few unfriends, and, I think, no enemies—and more of fame and fortune than mere literature ever procured for a man before.

"I dwell among my own people, and have many whose happiness is dependent on me, and which I study to the best of my power. I trust my temper, which you know is by nature good and easy, has not been spoiled by flattery or prosperity; and therefore I have escaped entirely that irritability of disposition which I think is planted, like the slave in the poet's chariot, to prevent his enjoying his triumph.

"Should things, therefore, change with me—and in these times, or indeed in any times, such change is to be apprehended—I trust I shall be able to surrender these adventurous advantages, as I would my upper dress, as something extremely comfortable, but which I can make shift to do without."

The verses above alluded to by Sir Walter, are no where to be found, and as they appear never to have been written, it was probably owing to this circumstance that the letter was not immediately despatched to his friend the Countess. He may have kept the sheet open in readiness for a moment of inspiration which moment never arrived—and in the mean time, both the letter itself, and the projected verses, may have altogether escaped his memory.

Nor is this extraordinary, when we consider the vast crowd of occupations which were then gathering fast round him, and insensibly preparing that formidable catastrophe which ere long totally overwhelmed his fortunes.

That great and good man—for he was not

less good than he was great—seems indeed to have prepared himself for the possibility of such a reverse, by contemplating the contingency with a consciousness of moral fortitude, which it is pleasing and very instructive to know, never for one instant forsook him when the season of adversity arrived.

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The Gatherer.

Cat with eyes of different colours.—The Angora cat, a beautiful, long-haired species, is remarkable for sometimes having one eye blue, and the other yellow. When Sonnini was in Egypt, he had an Angora cat, one eye of which was of a fine blue, and the other of a light yellow. Other instances of cats with eyes of different colours may be found in the *Magazine of Natural History*. It would seem that sometimes, if not always, this disparity arises from disease or accident. Dr. Smith mentions a soldier, whose eyes he found to differ in colour, one iris being grey, the other light green; and who ascribed the circumstance to a severe blow inflicted by a rope's end on the eye with the light green iris several months previously; for, originally, both irides were grey.—J. H. F.

British Colonies.—The colonies belonging to the Crown of Great Britain, (says Mr. Clark,) exclusive of those under the government of the East India Company, are as follows:—In the West Indies and South America: Antigua, including Barbuda; Barbadoes; British Guiana; Dominica; Grenada; Jamaica; Montserrat; Nevis; St. Christopher, including Anguilla; St. Lucia; St. Vincent; Tobago; Trinidad; and the Virgin Islands. In North America, continental and insular: Bahama Islands; Bermuda, or Somer's Islands; Canada Town; Upper Canada; Prince Edward's Island; New Brunswick; Newfoundland; with part of Labrador and Nova Scotia, including Cape Breton. In Africa: Cape of Good Hope; and Sierra Leone, with the settlement on the Gold Coast. In the Indian Seas: Ceylon; and Mauritius, with the Seychelles. In the South Seas: New South Wales, with Norfolk Island; Van Diemen's Land; and Western Australia. And to these may be added the following British possessions, which are said not strictly to fall within the definition of colonies in Europe: Gibraltar; Heligoland; and Malta. W. G. C.

"London! opulent, enlarged, and still increasing London," although first in science and in arts, contains much to make the life of man wretched, and to pollute his soul: there is no defining the social state of its inhabitants. Squalor and splendour are alternately, as you thread your way through the streets, predominant.—*Metropolitan*.

Manners in 1769.—In a work published at the above date, is the following description of the manners of an exemplary mother.—“ She rises at six, reads prayers at seven, when all the servants are present and edified by her example. Family affairs are settled before breakfast, and these are always transacted without bustle or hurry.” Her mornings are “ devoted to writing, and sometimes to work. At one they dress, and dine at two.” The afternoon passed in music or visiting. “ After tea they walk their rounds to their poor neighbours, &c., sup at nine,” and again have music, “ or amuse themselves in the garden; about eleven, the family again assemble at prayers, and then retire to bed.”

H. B. E.

How reading is the quickest way to Knowledge.—A young lady being asked if she was fond of reading periodical papers, and which she most admired — “ Why child,” she replied, “ I like all in turn, thus: I like to be a *Spectator* at Church, a *Tatler* at the tea-table, an *Adventurer* at cards, a *Connoisseur* at the milliner’s, a *Rambler* at Vauxhall and Ranelagh, an *Idler* on Sundays, and a *Guardian* to my lap-dog.” H. B. K.

Bust of Charles I.—Van Dyck having drawn the king in three different faces, a profile, three-quarters, and a full face, the picture was sent to Rome for Bernini to make a bust from it. Bernini was unaccountably dilatory in the work, and upon his slowness being complained of, he said that he had set about it several times, but there was something so unfortunate in the features of the face, that he was shocked every time that he examined it, and forced to leave off the work; and if there was any stress to be laid on physiognomy, he was sure the person whom the picture represented, was destined to a violent end. The bust was, at last, finished, and sent to England. As soon as the ship that brought it arrived in the River, the King, who was very impatient to see the bust, ordered it to be carried immediately to Chelsea: it was conveyed thither, and placed upon a table in the garden, whither the King went, with a train of nobility, to inspect the bust. As they were viewing it, a hawk flew over their heads, with a partridge in his claws, which he had wounded to death. Some of the partridge’s blood fell upon the neck of the bust, where it remained without being wiped off. This bust was placed over the door of the King’s Closet at Whitehall, and continued there till it was destroyed by fire.—*Pamphlet on the Character of Charles I.*, by Zachary Grey, L.L.D.

Addison used often to walk from Holland House to the White Horse, Kensington, (See *Mirror*, vol. xiv., p. 262,) to enjoy his favourite dish of a fillet of veal, his bottle, and perhaps a friend. There is a story that

the profligate Duke of Wharton plied him one day at the table so briskly with wine, in order to make him talk, that he could not keep it on his stomach; which made his grace observe, “ that he could get wine but not wit out of him.”

Life.

Seek not to know to-morrow’s doom;

That is not ours which is to come.

The present moment’s all our store:

The next, should have’n allow,

Then this will be no more:

So all our life is but one instant now.

Conserve.

Starlight.

Oh! what a vision were the stars

When first I saw them burn on high,

Rolling along, like living cars

Of light, for gods to journey by.—*Moore.*

Captain Basil Hall writes—A long while ago, when I was preparing for a voyage to China, I asked an old gentleman, well acquainted with that country, to give me some hints for my guidance amongst a people so different in manners from those I had been accustomed to. The old boy, who seldom said any thing without a spice of sarcasm, reflected a moment, and then replied — “ Whenever you kill a Chinese, throw him as quietly and quickly as you can into the river!”—This satire was directed against the absurd laws of China, which hold the person who is found nearest to a dead body responsible for the death. The effect of this is to drive away all assistance from a person who either is or may be thought to be dying—in short, to deprive him of help exactly at the time when it might be most useful to him, or when, if it could not be useful in saving his life, it might soothe and cheer his last moments. We laugh at the perverse folly of the Chinese, but in civilized Europe it is sometimes not much better. At Naples, for instance, a similar law prevails with that in the Celestial Empire; and I remember hearing of an English lady, who was driving in her open carriage in the most public street of Naples, when the coachman was seized with a fit and fell back into the carriage; the people stopped the horses, but as not a Neapolitan would come to the lady’s assistance, the man might have died of suffocation from the position he was in, had not an English gentleman, who happened to be passing, rescued him from his awkward predicament. The coachman recovered and nothing was said; but had he died on the spot, the gentleman would have been had up as a culprit at the police-office, just as if he had been in Canton!—*Schloss Hainfeld.*

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